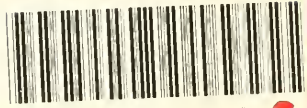


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THE ALAMO.

A PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF OUR FALLEN HEROES

OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC IN THE HOPE THAT IT MAY ASSIST

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REPUBLIC

IN THEIR WORTHY EFFORTS

TO REDEEM THE GROUNDS WHICH DRANK THE BLOOD OF THE
IMMORTAL BAND OF PATRIOTS WHO GAVE TO THE
WORLD ITS GREATEST DISPLAY OF HEROISM.

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W. H. BALDWIN,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE ALAMO.

MAY WE INCREASE OUR FUND OF USEFUL Knowledge and receive inspiration from a retrospect of the past? Are the fires of patriotism yet aglow upon our hearthstones, and is there a call to be made to which he who loves his country will lend a listening ear? Who are the patriots who wrote their names among the shining orbs of living light and left to us a heritage of priceless value, the story of whose life is told in acts and works more startling than the deeds of all the imaginary heroes of all the realms of fiction?

My friends, in speaking to you this evening of our early history and recounting the salient facts leading up to and immediately succeeding the fall of the Alamo, resulting in the independence of Texas, startling though they may be; I speak the words of truth, appealing to the great heart of my countrymen to be just, giving "unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's."

The best lessons in statesmanship, the profoundest truths relating to the philosophy of life, are found locked and laid away in history's urn; and happy is he who gleans therefrom and garners up, the rich treasure, therein for him preserved.

A TERRA INCOGNITO.

Allow me to say, as late as the year 1805 the vast domain of Texas was practically an unknown land, fenced only by the sloping sky; untouched by the hand of true civilization and unthrilled by the music of progress. Some feeble attempts to settle and improve the country had been made, it is true, but they were in no sense successful.

I think it was in the year 1730 the Governor General of Coahuila and Texas reported to the King of Spain the utter impracticability of peopling this vast territory by the efforts of priests and soldiers. (This was, and I believe is yet, the European

plan.) He petitioned the King for 400 families to be settled in Texas, supported or aided by the government until they should become self-sustaining. Sixteen families from the Canary Islands and a few from Mexico were secured. Something was wrong, however, and this enterprise proved a failure.

In the year 1820 the King of Spain ordered the Ayuntamiento of the municipality of San Antonio to make to him an official report of the conditions in Texas. Listen to the impressive language of that solemn report! Among other things it says: "Since 1813 this country (Texas), has advanced with astonishing rapidity toward poverty and ruin, owing to the increasing hostility of savage tribes and the recklessness and violence of our own troops. These troops have drained the country of its resources. What the revolution has left us, and the wild Indians have failed to wrest from us our own soldiery have appropriated; and to the people but little remains but destitution, nakedness and hunger.

Sad and sorrowful is the picture here presented, but it is the truth of history and without it our story would be incomplete. By its recital we should be warned, my friends, of the hidden dangers concealed in a system of colonization which must be upheld by force.

WHAT PROGRESS DEMANDS.

The logic of events declares, and progress, at this time decrees, that the rights of man demand the presence of a new leader. He comes. A son of the revolution unexpectedly appears upon the scene.

Moses Austin, a farseeing business man of the old New England stock, for the first time visits Texas, is charmed by the beauty of the landscape, profoundly impressed with its unmeasured extent, its uncounted wealth and surpassing grandeur. Here he found an inviting field for the exercise of his genius and a glorious opportunity for the amelioration—the betterment of the condition of mankind. Here was a land of promise without a people which only awaited the magic touch of civilization to convert a trackless waste into a perpetual garden where the flowers of civilization should ever bloom; where the bells of peace were

went to ring and over which the stars, in obedience to recognized law, in perpetual harmony would sweetly sing. On this trip he perfected an agreement with the Mexican government, under which he had the right to settle 300 American families in Texas, whose rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were guaranteed under that government. It was winter. Mr. Austin was physically frail. The trip to his Missouri home from Texas was long and perilous; and in making which he endured much hardship and exposure from inclement weather, producing sickness, in the toils of which he lingered; but from which he never recovered. Before his death, however, he crystalized his plans for the propagation of his colonies in Texas and left a dying request to his son, Stephen F., to finish up the work which he had so wisely conceived and carefully planned. Stephen F. Austin was a brilliant representative of America's best young manhood. He at once entered on the work enjoined upon him by his father and the first American settlement in Texas was made under him in the year 1821. In all he settled 1200 families in this new land. Many families were likewise settled in Texas by other enterprising leaders and under like compacts with the Mexican government for the protection of the rights and liberties of the colonists.

A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

Fearful was the risk and tremendous the responsibility which these people were taking! Cutting loose their ship of life from its peaceful moorings, protected by the safeguards of organized civilization, they were to sail on unknown sea and cast their anchors on its unprotected bosom. Arriving at their destination, the plucky colonists were not idle, for the wilderness must be subdued. Homes for their families must be supplied and provision for their sustenance and future must needs be made. Notwithstanding the many hardships and privations incident to their new surroundings they soon began to reap the promised reward for their labors. Their crops were harvested in due season, their herds were multiplying like Jacob's cattle, and the hum of industry was heard with rejoicing throughout the new land. It was not long before the fires then burning on the hearths of several thousand industrious, sturdy Americans in Texas proclaimed to the world that the wil-

derness was about to be reclaimed and that ere long the proud banner of a happy civilization would wave in glory over the late trackless waste where the lonesome howl of the wild wolf and the fierce whoop of the untutored savage had mingled together, undisturbed by the rolling wave of coming civilization.

Shall the bright hopes of those brave people be realized and they be allowed to follow the pursuits of peace in the land they were conquering by their industry? Time will not allow me to detail the facts of history. That would be tiresome alike to you and me, but a brief outline thereof is necessary to enable us to comprehend the issue about to arise between the Mexican government (with which they had contracted and under which they were living), and the colonists of Texas.

LISTEN.

"When the clock strikes the hour hand points to the time of day; but no great hammer in the horologe of time peals throughout the universe to mark the passage from epoch to epoch," or to proclaim the advent of a new nation. And strange though it may seem, under the mysterious providence of God, almost every step in the evolution of government, almost every advance in the interest of human rights has been made at the sacrifice of blood and treasure.

Now, important were the events taking place in Mexico as affecting the new colonies. She became an independent nation in the year 1821, under what was known as the plan of Iguala by that government, and to which constitution, be it said to the everlasting honor of the American colonies, they were always loyal; and when resort was had by them to arms the step was taken with reluctance, and only for the protection of their rights guaranteed under that constitution.

Revolution after revolution was following each other in Mexico in rapid succession. The government was unstable; and it was found that constitutions formed no obstacle to the will of tyrants, in that unhappy country—America had taught the world a lesson—The American colonies in Texas loved freedom and hated tyr-

anny. Their fathers had unfurled the flag and established a government of freedom in America, and in the defense of the rights of man had fired a shot which had been heard around the world. The argument of kings and tyrants had been met and refuted. The world had been taught a lesson in the philosophy of government. The patriots of the American revolution had had their Bunker Hill; but unconquerable love of liberty had given them their Yorktown. The pioneers of Texas were perhaps the best versed in the history of their country of any people in the world; and thoroughly understood the doctrine constituting the corner and capstones in the superstructure of their government. They were not to become an easy prey for the wicked rule of the oppressor. Coming to a wilderness they brought with them new thought and a new force; and as a result of their sufferings and work new lustre was to be added to the world's achievements. They seemed to be a chosen people sent to mark the passage of a new epoch and to teach the world a new lesson in the value of patriotism. Their lives and work stand out like a star of hope leading and inspiring to noble effort the struggling hosts of mankind. May their sublime works be known, appreciated and emulated by man in every country and every clime during coming ages. Reared under the banner of freedom, they loved its every fold. They had for their leaders men who were the very salt of the earth—descendants of the old puritan stock, imbued with their religious views, and having woven into their natures the same sturdy character. Austin was here, Burleson and Fannin were here, the noble "Davy" Crockett, yea, the dauntless Bowie and the matchless Travis, they were here. The towering statesman, fearless soldier and military genius, Sam Houston, was here. The colonists were almost to a man a devoted band of worthy patriots.

SANTA ANNA.

When, in 1824, General Santa Anna succeeded to the head of the Mexican government the colonists thought him honest and the friend of the constitution. They were not long deceived, however, for under him the government was oppressive and the demands upon colonists rapidly grew more and more unreasonable. They petitioned the government in the most respectful terms, humbly

praying for relief. Their representatives, sent to present their petitions, were imprisoned. They remonstrated. Their remonstrance was treated with contempt and their burdens made heavier. Taxes were made too grievous to be borne; their ports were closed and soldiers were sent upon them with orders to take from them their arms—a trick of the tyrant well understood by every child of America.

The colonists recognized endurance to be a virtue; but they also believed that courage and honest self reliance were not only virtues to be practiced, but might become to them a panoply and shield. They believed that tyrants must not be criticised at all, or they must be met—resisted—repelled.

THE CRISIS COMES.

Early in 1835 these suffering patriots were brought to the realization of the appalling fact that war or the destruction of the colonies was inevitable.

Now, view the situation for a moment. Ask yourselves the question. Could the country be placed upon a war footing? Had the colonists a government? No! An army? No! A navy? No! An unorganized band of patriots, with nothing to sustain them but their courage. This was all. Should they flee from the approach of the well organized, trained and cruel hosts of Mexico? No, they preferred to fight, and if need be, die for their rights rather than tamely surrender that which was guaranteed them under their Constitution. Never did a braver band of worthy heroes prepare to meet a more heartless or cruel foe. Their greatest weakness in this awful hour was want of organization. They were good marksmen, inured to hardships, but had been too busy making homes to organize for war. Hastily the frame work of government was attempted and officers were selected to administer it. Sam Houston was made commander in chief of the army—to be.

Much danger was feared from the Cherokee Indians, as the enemy would doubtless undertake to effect an alliance with them and incite them to acts of violence against the colonies. It was thought to be absolutely essential that Houston, in person, ac-

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company a commission which was sent to treat with them. He knew them, they knew and trusted him. He went. A friendly treaty was concluded between them and the colonies, and Houston hurried back to the work of organizing the army. He had not the time necessary to such a task, for the war was already upon them. Little bands of patriots were scattered here and there for purposes of defense. Each Texan exercising his own judgment as to where he could do the most good.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

San Antonio was destined to become a battle ground where the strength, the courage and endurance of both armies must be tested. Already two battles had been fought and an effort must be made to guard San Antonio.

CONCEPTION.

The battle of Conception was fought October 28, 1835, near the Mission of that name, about two miles from San Antonio. Austin was in command of the Texas troops. Bowie, Fannin and Burleson were there. Led by these dauntless spirits the Texans, less than 100 strong, met in the open field and repulsed more than four times their number. The battle was fierce and lasted but a few minutes. The Mexican loss was very heavy—almost equaling the entire force of Texans. The Texans lost one man, the gallant Richard Andrews. He fell mortally wounded and his last words were, "Tell them to conquer or die." This was the spirit of the whole Texas force, as the sequel will show. In this battle the Mexican army had not only the advantage of numbers and equipments, but their presence was a complete surprise to the Texans. They had quietly approached in the night-time, had selected their ground, and supported by a double fortified brass cannon, opened fire upon the colonists without warning. Do you ask how it can be possible that under such circumstances there should be such disparity of loss between the contesting armies? The reason is this: The Mexican army was a machine with intelligence to obey orders, but with little individual interest or enthusiasm, whilst every Texan was a determined patriot, fighting for a principle dearer to him than life itself.

STORMING OF BEXAR.

The battle of Conception was but the prelude to that bloody and remarkable contest known as the storming of Bexar. This heroic struggle began on the 5th day of December, 1835. As before stated there really had been no organization of the Texas army. It consisted of volunteers who came and went at will. The misfortune of such conditions cannot be thoroughly comprehended, except by the trained military mind. For the want of a commanding head with power to formulate and carry into effect *one* certain policy, much precious time must be lost, for every man had his own opinion and claimed the right to exercise it. At this critical juncture all agreed that the city of San Antonio *must be taken*. It was a Mexican stronghold and must be broken up. They disagreed, however, as to the *modus operandi*. On the morning of this eventful day, a star—a star of the first magnitude, appeared. The glory of this welcome luminary was shown forth in the person of Col. Ben R. Milam. He had for many days been on a scouting expedition to the westward and knew the movements and intentions of the Mexicans. He instantly comprehended the gravity of the situation and the pressing necessity for immediate, united action upon the part of the Texans. Without hesitation, without discussion, without criticism of any man's plan, or doubt of any man's patriotism (please do not forget that every man in the Texas ranks was an unfettered, freeman), and with a heart overflowing with patriotic fervor, he drew his unsullied sword, and with the glittering blade marked a line upon the ground. Then, standing before a divided but patriotic, courageous band, with noble mien and heaving breast, he cried out in the voice and tone of one born to lead: "*Who will follow old Ben Milam?*"

The effect was electric—overpowering. Not a man hesitated; thrilled and inspired, in less than one minute's time 300 dauntless Texans had stepped across that line, determined to storm and take the city or die in the attempt.

Sublimely courageous, Milam was the conquering hero of that eventful hour—an hour pregnant with peril, yea, with the issues of destiny itself! The contest which followed pictures upon the

scroll of time the everlasting praise of those who so courageously met and conquered a most unequal foe; for with only 300 men, a protected city, defended by over five times as many well trained and well equipped troops, was captured in a most sanguinary five days' battle.

On the third day of that awful struggle Texas and the world lost heavily. Sad am I to tell you, and gloomy is the page of history which records it, that on that day, whilst making his way to the position occupied by Col. Johnson, presumably for the purpose of consulting that officer, the noble Milam was struck and instantly killed by a Mexican bullet. May his memory ever be revered by us, the beneficiaries of his sublime courage. (His body lies in an unmarked grave in the Protestant cemetery in San Antonio). Col. Johnson, in his report of that battle, bestows merited praise upon the illustrious hero, Milam, in this language. He says: "The memory of Col. Ben R. Milam, the leader of this daring and successful attack, deserves to be cherished by every patriotic bosom in Texas." Gen. Burleson, in his report of this battle says: "The gallant leader of the storming party fell gloriously the third day, and his memory will be dear to Texas as long as there exists a grateful heart to feel or a friend of liberty to lament his loss." (His grave has been neglected. Speak it softly, for to every true Texan its recital and remembrance are attended with painful humiliation.)

Is there a response from the friends of liberty, as predicted by Burleson?

My friends, in part the answer to this pertinent, this timely, this solemn question must come from you.

Not only Texas, but Kentucky, which was the land of his birth, as well as almost the entire Mississippi valley, where he was known and loved, mourned the death of Milam. He sought not glory, "Yet the future years will weave their laurels and shed for him their tears."

This battle freed Texas for a short time from the threatening presence of the Mexican army. But the colonists knew the end was not yet. They had become acquainted with Mexican character.

and knew the critical period had not yet been reached. They believed the existing quiet was but the calm which precedes the storm.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

The colonists were closely watching the movements of the Mexican government. Every effort possible had been made for an honorable adjustment of their differences with that government. They much desired peace; but they knew it was war and nothing but war, or pick up bodily and abandon their homes and their adopted country. They had no assurance that they would even be allowed to leave, for they felt that the Mexican government would prefer their destruction to their return to the mother country. Already the note of their destruction had been sounded, and its solemn warning had sank deep into their hearts. Their chains had been forged to the satisfaction of the oppressor. The people of this threatened land, in conjunction with their trusted leaders, keenly felt their impending danger.

Santa Anna having succeeded to the head of the government of Mexico, had cast off the mask of pretended friendship for the Americans in Texas, and was now cruel, haughty and vindictive. His infamous purpose was now understood by the colonists; and it was felt that his minions must be met and defeated or these settlements must disappear like stubble before the flames.

Almost without organization and with nothing better than a toddling defacto government, the people of Texas must defend themselves against overwhelming odds or be forever ruined. This stupendous fact hung over them like a deadly pall. The gloom which enveloped them was impenetrable. The newly organized government being imperfect—it still being in the formative period and therefore weak—each citizen felt that he must follow the dictates of his own judgment. He went where he pleased.

EFFECTS OF THE BATTLE OF BEXAR.

The battle of Bexar had much to do with shaping the movements of both Mexico and the colonists. The Texans understood the surpassing importance of holding San Antonio and the Mexicans were bent on retaking it. Henry Smith, the provisional gov-

ernor, General Houston, Wharton, Jack and others were doing everything in their power to concentrate the Texas forces at the strongest points, so as to check if possible the certain advance of Santa Anna's army. Oh, for a sufficient time to prepare to meet the foe. But time was sadly wanting. Fannin undertook the protection and defense of Copano and Goliad, while Travis, accompanied by Bowie and a faithful little band of their followers, repaired to San Antonio. Houston was doing the all important work of trying to place the colonies on a footing for effective defense, with all the energy of his sanguine nature. His was a great mind. Santa Anna had styled himself "the Napoleon of the West." Houston might well have been styled "The Lion-hearted Son of Freedom." His blood was iron. His soul was towering and grand. Broad in gauge, clear of vision, swift in judgment, every inch a soldier and a patriot, he stood to the work which had been assigned him, and for the cause in which he had enlisted, like a giant rock.

Would you be willing I should pause to recount more of the difficulties under which he labored as commander in chief of the Texas forces? The half I could not tell for want of time. But you will remember there were no railroads or telegraphs in Texas in those days. There were but few well defined and well beaten trails and no finished highways. There were no adequate ferries at the crossings of rivers and bayous. The population of the country was sparse and badly scattered. The frontier to be guarded was extensive and a constant lookout must be kept to guard against marauding Comanche and other savage Indian tribes. The safest and swiftest mode of travel was upon the back of a Mexican pony. With this brave, liberty-loving people, however, difficulties must not become obstacles to resistance. The people were involved in a life and death struggle to maintain liberty, and with all his skill as a matchless leader, Houston knew that in the last analysis of conditions the individual intelligence and courage of his men were the only reliance. Hence a direct, individual appeal was made to every man able to bear arms.

WILLING TO MEET THE ISSUES.

Convinced by the unanswerable argument of existing facts that

a most bloody struggle could not longer be averted, the immortal words of Patrick Henry seemed to ring in their ears and the colonists in unison seemed to cry out "war is inevitable, and let it come ; I repeat it, let it come."

Every man who could, prepared to go to the front. The women, with a self-sacrificing heroism known only to such as they, took charge of the homes, farms and herds, and with tears in their eyes, but courage in their souls, bid their husbands and sons to go to battle.

Many boys of tender age entered the patriot ranks to meet a foe vastly superior to them in numbers and equipment, and which foe was known to be panting for their blood. The world should pause in adoration of such courage ! A climax of greatness is here evolved for the admiration of mankind, in the heroism thus displayed.,

Many of the men had been away from home for months and were almost naked. They appealed to the newly organized government for money, clothing and supplies. The treasury was empty. No, not empty—it had none ; a calamity almost insurmountable, and which would perhaps have proved disastrous to any other people except the pioneers of Texas. About all the Texas government could furnish its troops was ammunition, and not enough of that.

THE WOMEN APPEALED TO.

The men at the front and in the camps appealed to the women. Woman never fails to hear a call made in the interest of humanity. In their noble bosoms the strong cords of patriotism were vibrating in unison with the silken threads of love, and they instantly came to the rescue. They spun, they wove, they knit, they cut their own garments and blankets and prepared articles of raiment for the needy men.

AN UNSELFISH STRUGGLE.

The impending struggle upon the part of the Texans was not a selfish struggle. It is true the fate of home and family was hanging in the balance. But their love of those was transcended by a nobler and grander love, comprehending mankind itself. Now

listen! Dr. Archer, in an address, had used this language: "Let us remind you that the eyes of the world are upon us. That battling as we are against the despotism of a military chieftain, all true friends of the liberties of man are anxious spectators of the conflict. Let us give evidence that we are true descendants of that band of heroes who sustained an eight years' war against tyranny and oppression to give liberty to the world. Let our achievements be such that the mother country when she reads the bright page that records them, shall proudly and joyfully exclaim, 'These are my sons; their heroic deeds mark them at such.'"

Again, the great Houston said: "The morning of glory has dawned upon us. The work of liberty has begun. Our actions are to become a part of the history of the world. Patriot millions will sympathize with, and whole nations will admire our struggle." This spirit, my friends, seems to have pervaded every camp, every home and every heart. Their love of liberty compassed the whole world."

CLOUDS GATHERING.

Thick and fast the lurid clouds were now gathering. The enemy was approaching with clanking chains and renewed threats of complete destruction. The instruments of death were in their hands. They carried a banner that told in tones of thunder that Texas was to be drenched in blood. Everywhere the shock of battle must be felt! Texas was fairly rocking under the appalling weight of threatened destruction! How could the heavy, cruel hand of the enemy be stayed?

Leonidas had stood in the pass with his Spartan band and opposing the hosts of Xerxes, had left an example of intrepid heroism which the world had agreed was without a parallel.

A little band of untrained Texans would meet, and, if possible, hold in check the coming hosts of Mexico, led by the despot, Santa Anna.

Travis, in command of but a handful of sturdy Texans, was at San Antonio, worn and tired. "Davy" Crockett, the model man, the dashing, courageous soldier, the musician and the humorist, as he stood around the camp fire, amused the men with his quaint

stories and charmed them with the music of his violin, thus "beguiling the weary hours with song and jest." But nevertheless, the days wore heavily with them. Only 151 in number, they sadly needed and ardently hoped for reinforcements.

Oh, that the wings of time could be stilled until help, yet so far away, could arrive, because on this ground there must occur a mighty struggle. The world was about to be surprised and shocked! Shocked at supreme brutality on the one hand, and surprised at supremely resplendent courage, inspired by pure patriotism, upon the other!

Time, however, was rapidly flying. January had come and gone. February, '36, was here. Amid the budding branches of the scattering trees the warble of the song-bird could now be heard. The growing grass was sweetly humming, and beauty was returning in hues of delicate, peaceful green to the throbbing expanse of outstretched prairie; but the hidden dagger of fate was concealed in the cheerful robes of approaching spring.

The Texas farmer should be at his plow; but his plow was standing still. The birds were nesting in his fields unmolested by him—he was not there. His business was in another field—the field of honor. His country needed and had called him. He had heard her voice and felt that he had a solemn and an awful duty to perform. Would he be equal to the perilous task now confronting him? Not if he should tremble! Not if dismay should seize him and any should falter by the wayside! Oh! for a people capable of withstanding the shock of battle undismayed by the awful tragedy impending!

A MESSENGER.

A messenger from the West brings the news to the colonies that Santa Anna is approaching San Antonio at the head of a large Mexican army. Travis and his little patriot band stood firm! Bowie was there! Crockett, Johnson, Bonham and Burleson were there! One hundred and fifty-one men were there, pledged to guard her gates and defend her citadel.

They had a scant supply of provisions and ammunition, but were abundantly surcharged with the spirit of patriotism.

What must be done? An army of 5000 strong threatened them. They might sound a retreat and protect themselves, but then what would become of the colonies? This was the momentous question which had been propounded to the little army which had taken refuge in the Alamo! No man was bound to stay there! Every man was free! If assistance should come, the garrison might sustain itself; if not, to stay and fight meant death! On the 1st day of March Captain Albert Martin, with thirty-two men, slipped through the Mexican lines and deliberately entered the Alamo to share the fortune and the fate of those who were beleagued there.

Place a great responsibility upon a great man or a great people and one all-important question presents itself, viz: What is my duty? Personal safety, ease, gain—all these must surrender to duty's call. In this case Bowie had declared, "Public safety demands our lives rather than surrender this fort!" And to him duty was law. Travis had said, "Without a footing here the enemy can do nothing." Feeling thus, and thus inspired, these patriots had pledged themselves, each to the other to hold this fort or die!

Travis sends out a message saying: "I am besieged! The enemy have demanded our surrender at discretion! I have answered with a cannon shot! I shall never surrender or retreat! I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor or that of his country. Victory or death!" Travis, towering matchless hero; thy name shall be immortal!

To a friend he wrote: "Take care of my little boy; if I should live I will be able to make him a fortune; if not, he will have the satisfaction of knowing his father died for his country."

THE BOMBARDMENT.

On the 21st of February Santa Anna opened upon the Alamo with his artillery, and for thirteen days and nights kept up a constant bombardment of the fort. What a strain upon the minds and bodies of the beleaguered Texans! No rest for them night or day! The fort with its battlements was not strong. The

artillery of the enemy was weakening their position day by day. Within they were bending every energy and straining every muscle to strengthen the works. That blood red flag waving over the old cathedral told them in language solemn and cruel of the bloody work intended.

The suspense of the besieged men was awful. Their supply of ammunition was too limited to allow them to waste a single load. Not a shot from within must be lost. They indulged a half-formed hope that assistance *might* arrive before exhaustion should overcome them, or the fort give way—a hope which perished in its formation.

THE LAST STRUGGLE.

The Mexicans made their final and last attack upon the tottering fort at dawn, Sunday morning, March 6th, A. D. 1836. At the first sound of the bugle on the outside every man in the fort (except Col. Bowie), was on his feet. Bowie was lying on a cot unable to stand, but he grasped his trusty pistol and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. Simultaneously upon all sides of the old fort a most ferocious attack was made, whilst the band at the battery immediately south of the Alamo, where Santa Anna had taken his stand, sounded the deadly *deguello!* No quarter! No quarter! The Texans met the attack with absolute coolness, and for two hours there raged such a battle as never raged before. Never did men fight as the Texans fought that morning! They had solemnly pledged themselves that when the enemy stormed the fortress, *they would kill them as they came, kill them as they scaled the walls, kill them as they leaped within, kill them as they raised their weapons and as they used them, and continue to kill them as long as one of them should live.*

As to how they kept their pledge let the world be the judge. Confined in so small a compass, fighting at such a disadvantage against a foe which outnumbered them nearly 50 to 1, it is impossible to understand how they were enabled to inflict such fearful punishment upon their antagonists. In two hours they were all dead, and 1500 Mexican soldiers lay dead or wounded at their hands. With what deadly precision they must have aimed their

shots! As to just how this unparalleled feat of destruction was accomplished can never be known. But that it was done, can admit of no doubt. On the part of the Texans not a word was spoken. Every man knew his duty and his doom. His last act was the gift of his life to save his country.

Thus, my friends, fell the Alamo! And in its defense and fall there is exhibited to the world an example of unselfish patriotism, unyielding fortitude and dauntless courage never before or since surpassed, and I do not believe the royal domain of tragedy itself has furnished a single example to compare with it.

"Thermopyle had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none," has been eloquently said and the phrase will go sounding down the aisles of time throughout the coming ages.

OUR DUTY.

Shall that spot be held sacred? Shall it stand as a rock upon the shores of time, whose sun-capped summit shall emit an everlasting light to lead and inspire the spirit of patriotism in all ages and parts of the world, or shall it be forgotten?

O, commercialism! Hide thy face in shame at the thought of appropriating these hallowed grounds for private gain! Shall the monument in honor of Bunker Hill become a billboard and the Alamo be desecrated for purposes of speculation? God forbid it! Those who died there sought not revenge, renown or their own glory; their names shall never perish, but will, like so many stars, bestud the very skies of history's celestial vault, with ever increasing lustre as the years roll by.

Now, let us turn our attention to what was taking place elsewhere in Texas at about this time. A large Mexican force, under General Urrea was advancing on Goliad by way of Copano and Refugio, capturing and massacring as they went. Col. J. W. Fannin was in command of a noble little band of 446 men at Goliad. On hearing of the fall of the Alamo, Houston ordered Fannin to retreat toward Victoria. He accordingly did so, but before he reached Victoria he was overtaken by a very superior force under General Urrea, was surrounded in the open prairie

and after himself being severely wounded and losing a number of his men, was forced to capitulate. The terms of surrender were honorable and he and his men were taken back to Goliad as prisoners of war, under a solemn promise that they would be treated as such. They were confined in La Bahia, the only mission there, for about a week. On Saturday night before their expected liberation the next day, they sat up late talking of their separation and home-going on the morrow. At a very early hour next morning, which was Palm Sunday, they were aroused. This was March 27th, Just 21 days after the fall of the Alamo. Before it was yet light, they were marched from the prison in three different squads, each going in a different direction. About one-half mile distant from the fort each squad discovered heavy lines of soldiers. Without warning to the prisoners, the signal to fire was given and in an instant they were being shot down like that many wolves, huddled together without even a chance to run for their lives. In less than one minute's time 390 unsuspecting, brave, but helpless men were murdered in cold blood. A few escaped, a few had been carried to the Mexican camps and were saved. This brutal massacre was a reproach to civilization and an ineffaceable stain upon the escutcheon of the Nation which had ordered it.

Awful as it was to contemplate the horrors of such a war, the patriots did not tremble. Notwithstanding the fearful decimation of their numbers by those cruel butcheries, they were determined to free Texas from the curse of Mexican domination and present her to the powers of the world, a free and independent Nation, or all would die. This question they had settled.

Encouraged by the fact of victory, Santa Anna rushed forward bent on the swift destruction of the remaining colonies. His object was not to conquer, but destroy—annihilate.

But there was a lion in the despot's pathway. A David had been sent to meet Goliath. Houston, the lofty patriot, the courageous military genius, was making every effort to meet and crush the foe. Santa Anna's army was composed of courageous, well trained and well equipped men, and he believed himself in-

vincible. Having styled himself the "Napoleon of the West," of course he was very sure he deserved the honor thus conferred, and expected proudly to maintain it. But Houston, with his eagle vision was surveying every foot of ground before him. On the 23rd of March he wrote: "For forty-eight hours I have not eaten an ounce, nor have I slept." On the 29th of the same month he wrote: "Many want me to go below; many want me to go above. I have consulted no one. If I err the blame is mine."

Great Soul! The weight and fate of his country seemed to rest upon him. The day and the hour were near. Could 783 men meet the conquering hosts of Mexico? Moving forward Santa Anna had crossed Vince's Bayou and was now near the mouth of the San Jacinto river.

San Jacinto! Thy name is about to emerge from obscurity. It is about to become the synonym of victory; about to be written in heroic deeds of knightly valor across the firmament of hope; to be read, remembered and admired whilst gallantry and courage have a place in the esteem of men. On April the 19th Houston wrote: "This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. *It is the only chance of saving Texas.*" On the same morning he paraded his troops. In a short address he told them exactly where the Mexican army was and that General Santa Anna himself was in command; that it was his intention to attack the foe and that if any man shrank from the contest he need not cross the bayou. That some must necessarily perish; but that it was glorious to die in such a cause—the cause of liberty. That their slogan would be: "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" "To trust in God, and not to fear." Several of his men were sick and unable to march, but not a man who was able to travel faltered. Glorious is the courage of him who is upheld by a sense of patriotic duty. The die was cast! Texas must be free or forever lost! What a responsibility now rested upon Houston and his little army! But the battle, thanks to the God of war, is not always to the strong.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, April 21, 1836, the Texas troops were again paraded; every man being at his post with determina-

tion reflected from his countenance, proclaiming that within each manly breast beat a heart which knew not defeat. The bridge across the bayou had been cut down and fired. For the vanquished there was now no avenue of escape. The contending armies were in a pocket, so to speak, and face to face. Believing that this was the only chance of saving Texas, Houston had maneuvered with matchless skill and soldierly deliberation. The flower of the Mexican army was there commanded by the despotic ruler of that government. They were in a ring—an amphitheatre, contending for a prize, with the world looking on. The Texan's goal was liberty. The demand, the cry of the Mexican army, was "Your life; your life!" Freedom's cause was trembling in the balance! Its defenders were pitted against numbers so overwhelming that to any but the pioneers of Texas, it would perhaps have appeared hopeless. Such was their valor, their indomitable courage, their transcendent heroism, they never doubted. But hush! The sun is nearing the western horizon. Nature is painfully at ease so intense is the stillness—a drum tap, the shrill note of the bugle pierces the atmosphere, simultaneously the armies move upon each other. A whirlwind of fire could hardly have been more irresistible than the Texan assault. Their deadly aim was most terrible. Each patriot seemed a very blaze of destruction—an instrument of terror. Had the furies themselves been turned loose against the Mexicans, consternation in their ranks could not have been greater. Their lines wavered. They staggered! But others came and were likewise paralyzed! The Mexican army seemed absolutely helpless. Such a charge! Such impetuous force! Such sublime courage they had never witnessed, nor even dreamed of. It was as if the fiery sword of the avenging angel himself was waving over their heads. For 20 or 30 minutes the battle raged with such indescribable fury as to be a very hell of destruction. With the war cry, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" the Texans could not more be stopped than could the rushing waters of Niagara be stayed. Glorious victory had crowned the Texas arms! With the close of that epoch-making day, the sun of Austerlitz had risen again.

The Napoleon of the West had fallen. The chains which had been forged for Texas had been broken. The republic was born. She became a new and independent nation, necessitating a change in the map of the world. Having proudly taken her place in that indivisible union of unconquerable states which is making the world truly great today, she swings back in splendor the beautiful Lone Star, the brightest hope, the chiefest glory, reflected from the world's great mirror.

Her defenders moved the world forward one mighty stride by their prodigious work. They gave to Liberty a new home, to the sons and daughters of men a new hope and a new field wherein they in safety, might live and labor, warmed by nature's softest sunbeams and fanned by her gentlest zephyrs, for the solution of that, intricate, monotonous problem, the development of the higher nature—the terrestrial perfection of man.

My countrymen! think of this unequal contest. Weigh the value of patriotism and count the cost of liberty, if you can. Who were the patriots who so gloriously immolated themselves upon the blood-stained altar of their country? Let their names be collected, let them be written on imperishable substance, and preserved inviolate within Fame's sacred vault.

The Alamo! The Alamo! Its defenders believed their lives were a necessary sacrifice to save their country. Its lesson is perhaps the world's greatest moral wonder. Sublime was its defense and most tragic was its fall; but through the blood of its heroes the oppressor marched to his Waterloo. Statesmanship should have redeemed and local pride should have beautified those blood-bought grounds and presented them, a free gift to the world to be held in trust forever in honor of the immortal heroes whose last will and testament was written in their own blood, sealed with the seal of life itself and laid upon Liberty's altar.

Each rock in the walls of that old temple is to every friend of liberty a priceless jewel. Every footprint made upon those grounds by the heroes who died in its defense, is a sacred picture upon the bending arch of time.

Every atom of dust reddened by the sacrificial blood of those patriots is a priceless ruby.

The flames that lit that funeral pyre sent up a holy light which should be an inspiration to patriotism whilst the sun shall brighten the world by day and the stars bedeck the heavens by night.

Let us tell the story! Tell it often! Tell it to our children and our children's children! Tell it to the world, that its glory may never fade and its name be ne'er forgotten.

My countrymen! My countrymen! The voice of patriotism is calling. Is there within us a responsive chord? Are the sacrifices, are the lives and death of our immortal heroes known and understood? Let us rally around those altars and lay thereon the wreathes of our affection. Let the gratitude of our hearts be freely poured out there, for the very ground which drank their blood is, and ever will be, sacred to every friend of liberty.

A question, a great and solemn question, is propounded to you and me. Are we ready? If so what shall the answer be? Will duty's call be heard by us, or have our sordid ears grown deaf?

The question is, shall the ground which drank the blood of the defenders of the Alamo be held sacred and be preserved to the future in memory of those who bought it and paid for it with their blood, or shall it be abandoned to avarice; turned over with our approval to be exploited by the speculator in his mercenary race for gold?

Oh, greedy spirit of commercialism! How can you, how dare you traffic in the blood of patriots? Had I the power of Hercules I would wrest from the muttering storm cloud a fiery bolt, and would hurl that bolt with such dynamic force against that irreverent band as to sweep them from the ground they would encumber.

O, men and women of Texas; from the mountain to the sea, from the Red to the Rio Grande, from the nestling valleys and pine-clad hills of the east, to the waving prairies of the great west; I call upon you to act well your part. Deeds of heroism

are not confined to the bloody field of war; but may belong to the realms of peace as well. Neglect not your duty or this opportunity. Could I, I would redeem those sacred grounds. I would build thereon a temple whose beauty should charm the world; its dome, beset with diamonds, would blaze in triumph by day, and sweetly answer the twinkle of the stars by night in crystal scintillation of their reflected light. Upon the polished surface of those beauteous walls I would 'grave the names of those who died there "with adamantine pen."

In that temple I would erect an altar: on that altar I would place a book; that book should be a roll of honor; and in that book I would preserve the names of those who contributed to the redemption of those grounds and the erection of that temple. In that book I would request the honor of writing my name. That temple should be dedicated to the cause of Liberty, to whose faithful sons and daughters its doors should stand ajar, until the mighty mountain shall crumble and history be buried in oblivion.



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